

I'm still lucky like a four leaf clover
Still lucky that my life ain't over
Started out with the white Range Rover
'Cause my friend crashed my Mustang Cobra
I thought he'd hit me back with something even colder
Four years past, I guess that day's over
I got a new whip, giving it some gas
'Cause at this point, no point living in the past
And I don't give a fuck what these people think
'Cause a chain's only as strong as the weakest link
And my mouth's a chainsaw, I'm still winning
Still bringing, with shining iron, teeth spinning
I'm a marine wearing jungle green
I brought a submachine gun into a submarine
Witches vocalising. Warcraft immobilizing
Still a short and sort of vulgar ogre, known for pulverizing

I know it cuts like a knife
Cuts like a knife
I know it cuts like a knife

I know it cuts like a knife
I know it cuts like a knife

I am skeleton and golden spleen
Still healing fast like I'm Wolverine
Fangs of a Doberman, claws are adamantium
Shining like the silverware you'll find inside a pantry
Have a temper tantrum and I'll slide into your pancreas
You shouldn't tamper with the champion at trampling
I'm Hannibal, I'll make my escape inside an ambulance
From peeling all the skin off your face like you're a mandarin
Orange with a bunch more oranges in a box for storage
Behind my forehead there's a lot more awful thoughts that's horrid
My mind's been in the game so long, my ears got melancholy
Tougher than a rugby playing wrestler that's a felon brawling
Yo, I pack a rather big punch
I'm a killer whale, you're a scallop salad from lunch
This North Van local, will dwarf your vocals
This forceful corporal provokes all chokeholds

I know it cuts like a knife, huh
Nah, I know it cuts like a, eh

Guess who's back phenomenally
Yip Man, Bruce Lee and Muhammad Ali
Yeah, the common artist here to kill predominantly
You could put all of the money in your wallet on me
And life is not a smooth ride even if you're mogul
Globally a snowmobile through moguls
Soul is empty with just hollow dreams
So I'll keep fighting 'till I'm dead like Apollo Creed
Little Rocky's back, I survive all battles
Crushing while I'm rushing like I'm Ivan Drago
Rap a mile a minute while your idol babbles
Places that you've dreamed of, I just traveled
Yo, you're sounding like my granny rap

Rapping like a tranny doing xanies with a fanny pack
While I'm snapping in my habitat
Make you sound like you were fucking handicapped
Cuts like a knife, huh